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T O
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,

BRITANNIA'S GRATITUDE
FOR
ROYAL RESTORATION.
A N
O D E,

Composed in the night of the 21st April 1789—the effect of Imagination alone,
not of information subsequent to the grand Procession.

By Mr. JOHN HALL, GLASGOW.

*Ille lux felix, cumulata cunctis
Lux bonis, pectus satiabit ægrum
Gaudio, qua nos reducet sacra
Sistet in æde.*

Luc. Psal.

That day! that happy day will soon draw nigh—
A day with ev'ry blessing crowned high
To virtuous Men!—A day which shall solace
Our fainting heart with joy, and cheer our face;
Restor'd, that day shall place us with St. Paul,
To render thanks to God! Grand Source of all!

PRINTED by J. MENNONS, and sold at his Shop, EXCHANGE.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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BRITANNIA'S GRATITUDE

FOR

ROYAL RESTORATION.

A N

O D E.

I.

BRITANNIA's praise to Heav'n's ALMIGHTY LORD,
Whose favour hath our Sov'reign KING restor'd,
Like incense flies
Thro' distant skies
To God's eternal Throne;
Whence brightest beams incessant fly,
Quick dazzling the seraphic eye.
O heav'nly GRATITUDE, thou grace divine!
That godlike makes the human face to shine,
Make ether ring,
For GEORGE our King
Of GOD enjoys his Crown:
His lovely QUEEN's sublimely blest,
While ev'ry feeling heart's impress.

II.

What splendid objects strike my ravish'd eye—
Great GEORGE renown'd for virtue thro' the sky;

Brilliant is seen

Britannia's QUEEN,

Whose fame transcends the stars:

Wales' PRINCE supremely grand appears,

The pleasing Hope of coming years;

See PRINCESS ROYAL in superb attire

Whose virgin breast angelic graces fire:

Devout attend

The knee to bend

Rich group of Royal PEERS:—

All hearts ethereal hymns employ

To GOD, great Source of gen'ral joy.

III.

Amaz'd what crowds admire the gilded throng

St. James's ancient gates thick pour along;

Bright di'monds glow

With sparkling show

In grand proceffive file:

Contemplate first the Royal Pair!

Blood Princes and Princesses fair,

Polite Ambassadors profoundly sage,

State Lords and Commons wonders of the age;

See Nobles next,

And Gentry mixt,

Blest with a gracious smile,

While Yeomanry with loyal heart,

In rear, an honest joy impart.

IV.

See flaming Guards in furbish'd armour gleam!

Heroic Bands bold martial music scream,

Loud clarions ring

" GOD SAVE THE KING!"

High streaming colours soar,

Plumes filk and gold nice art display,

Superb embroid'ries gild the way;

At Temple Bar stern Heralds boldly cry,

" Who comes?" Great GEORGE! resounds the azure sky;

With Alder band

Lord May'r's at hand,

The City Sword restore;

O King! th' inverted steel return,

In loyal love your subjects burn.

V.

Thy gates St. Paul let pious Mirth expand,

Where Royal ANNA yields her willing hand

Whose fame shall grow

While roses blow

In Britain's happy union,

Within thy ample dome receive

Great GEORGE, fam'd Ruler of the Wave,

Who, grateful, praise sublime devoutly sings

To Thee! to Thee! Eternal KING of Kings!

Make songs rebound

In gladsome sound

Throughout his large dominion,

JEHOVA stills the stormy wind,

And calms the tempest of the mind!

VI.

The sacred organ's solemn thunders groan,
 In regal pomp's majestic maze is shown
 Reflected light
 From di'monds bright,
 Soft music charms the ear,
 Celestial choirs loud praises sing,
 Which make Paul's spacious arch to ring,
 Within each humble heart, GOD's holy shrine,
 Thy purest beams, blest GRATITUDE, now shine,
 Heav'n's host descry
 Each pious eye
 Distil the joyous tear,
 Devotion pure fires ev'ry breast,
 While blissful raptures are increas'd.

VII.

Ye mortal Gods who make these Orphans sing,
 To GOD and you they ample tribute bring;
 Sweet voices thrill
 In Handel's skill,
 Soft music quav'ring dies!
 Your names in burnish'd gold shall glow
 Whose hearts did melt in kindred woe;
 Poor lonely Widows' fainting souls you cheer'd,
 From famine sav'd, pale tender Babes you rear'd.
 Ye truly GREAT,
 See Heaven's gate
 For you wide open flies.
 Blest Mercy's sons in youth shall bloom
 Amidst expiring Nature's doom.

VIII.

And now the awful solemn service o'er,
Behold! St. Paul his radiant files restore
Clear as the ray
Of solar day

Which gilds the pearly dew,
When rosy Spring profusely pours
On Flora's lap gay Nature's flow'rs;
The gaudy streets no less refulgent glow,
Adorn'd before, behind, above, below!

Long live our King
And peerless Queen,
All bliss their charms renew:
Their Royal Progeny defend:
Full on their heads let Bliss descend.

IX.

Long may thy flag, Britannia, blaze afar!—
Thy stubborn foes crush in the gleaming war,
By valiant steel
Quick make them reel,

While Nereus' thunders roar;
From Neptune's root see Rodneys spring,
Brave Elliot's sons in armour ring;
Thy martial armed heroes brave and bold
The leaden show'r prefer to sterling gold!

Ye British tars
Ye sport in wars,
Ye smile at death and gore!—
Protect rich Commerce with your arms,
Make Arts and Science wear new charms.

X.

Hark! joyous shepherds cheer the lofty hills,
Pipes sacred play among the purling rills,
Nymphs lovely smile
In Cupid's wile,

Sweet Flora decks her bow'r

With damask gifts of blooming Spring,

While busy gilded warblers sing;

Ye cheerful Woods clap hands with new-born joy,

Ye mantled Rocks let mirth your voice employ,

Ye lambkins play

'Mong verdant spray,

Rejoice each blushing flow'r,

To Nature's God one chorus raise

Britannia's undissembled praise!

